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VOL. 6. NO. 146.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, October 11, 1862.

LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK,

PRINCE OF PIANO-FORTE.

ARTEMUS WARD IS SERENADED.

ANOTHER LETTER IN THIS NUMBER.

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FROM A. WARD.

TREATING OF THE NOBLE RED MAN—DOMESTIC AFFAIRS—A SERENADE, ETC.

THE red man of the forest was form'ly a very respectful person. Justice to the noble aboorygine warrants me in sayin' that origgernerly he was a majestic cuss.

At the time CHRIS. arrove on these shores, (I allood to CHRIS. COLUMBUS,) the savajis was virtoous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw-poker, and sinfulness gin'rally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, faro banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits was consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter-girls, and other metropolitan refinements were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage-stamps. You couldn't have bo't a coon skin with a barrel of 'em. The female Abooryginе never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whalebone things; but in loose and flowin' garmints she bounded, with naked feet, over the hills and plains like the wild and frisky antelope. It was a onlucky moment for us when CHRIS. sot his foot onto these 'ere shores. It would have been better for us of the present day if the injins had given him a warm meal and sent him home ore the ragin billers. For the savages owned the country, and COLUMBUS was a fillibuster. CORTEZ, PIZARRO, and WALKER were one-horse fillibusters—COLUMBUS was a four-horse team fillibuster, and a large yaller dog under the waggin. I say, in view of the mess we are makin' of things, it would have been better for us if COLUMBUS had staid to home. It would have been better for the show bisniss. The circulation of VANITY FAIR would be larger, and the proprietors would all have boozum pins! Yes, sir—and perhaps a ten-pin alley.

By which I don't wish to be understood as intimatin' that the scalpin' wretches who are in the injin bisniss at the present day are of any account, or calculated to make home happy, specially the Sioxes of Minnesoty, who desarve to be murdered in the first degree, and if POPE will only stay in St. Paul and not go near 'em *himself*, I reckon they will be.

Things in our town is workin'. The canal boat "Lucy Ann" called in here the other day and reported all quiet on the Wabash. The "Lucy Ann" has adopted a new style of Binnakle light, in the shape of a red-headed gal who sits up over the compass. It works well.

The artist I spoke about in my larst has returned to Philadelphy. Before he left I took his lily-white hand in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphy to believe it would be a good idea to have white winder-shutters on their houses and white door-stones, he might make a fortin. "It's a novelty," I added, "and may startle 'em at fust, but they may conclood to adopt it."

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordin'. I asked the Brass Band how much they'd take to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade. They said they'd overwhelm me with a unexpected honor for seven dollars, which I excepted.

I wrote out my impromtoo speech severil days beforehand, bein' very careful to expunge all ingramatticisms and payin' particler attention to the punktooation. It was, if I may say it without egitism, a manly effort, but alars! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show you. I paced up and down the kitcin speakin' my piece over so as to be entirely perfeck. My bloomin' young daughter, SARAH ANN, bothered me summut by singin', "Why do summer roses fade?"

"Because," said I, arter hearin' her sing it about fourteen times, "because it's their biz! Let 'em fade."

"BETSY," said I, pausin' in the middle of the room and letting my eagle eye wander from the manuscrip; "BETSY, on the night of this here serenade, I desires you to appear at the winder dressed in white, and wave a lily-white hankercher. D'ye hear?"

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lily-white bucket of bilin' hot water, and somebody will be scalded. One bald-heded old fool will get *his* share."

She refer'd to her husband. No doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me I said nothin'.

The expected night cum. At 9 o'clock precisely there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the Band struck up a lively air, which when they did finish it, there was cries of "WARD! WARD!" I stept out onto the portico. A brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summut mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown-up persons evigently under the affluence of the intoxicatin' bole. The Band was also drunk. Dr. SCHWAZEY, who was holdin' up a post, seemed to be partic'ly drunk —so much so that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin' wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced thus:

"Feller Citizens: For this onexpected honor ——"

Leader of the Band.—Will you give us our money now, or wait till you git through?

To this painful and disgustin' interruption I paid no attention.

"—— for this onexpected honor, I thank you."

Leader of the Band.—But you said you'd give us seven dollars if we'd play two choons.

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows: "I say I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells ——"

Dr. Schwazey.—So do I!

A voice.—We all do!

"—— my heart swells ——"

A voice.—Three cheers for the swells.

"We live," said I, "in troublous times, but I hope we shall again resume our former proud position, and go on in our glorious career!"

Dr. Schwazey.—I'm willin' for one to go on in a glorious career. Will you join me, fellow citizens, in a glorious career? What wages does a man git for a glorious career, when he finds himself?

"Dr. SCHWAZEY," said I sternly, "you are drunk. You're disturbin' the meetin'."

Dr. S.—Have you a banquet spread in the house? I should like a rhynossyross on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account.

At this pint the Band begun to make hidyous noises with their brass horns, and a exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn't to be some wittles afore the concern broke up? I didn't exactly know what to do, and was just on the pint of doin' it, when a upper winder suddenly opened and a stream of hot water was bro't to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at once.

When I am taken by surprise with another serenade, I shall, among other arrangements, have a respectful company on hand. So no more from me to-day. When this you see, remember me.

Woe and Weal.

THE cow lamenting for her calf just carted away by the butcher.

Sharp.

HEARING something said, t'other day, about a "mosquito fleet," our YOUNGEST JESTER remarked that "he supposed the grappling-irons aboard that fleet, were called the galley-nippers."

Our Y. J. is coming on.

TRAIN.

I.

O Train! O Train!
We didn't complain,
When, over the main,
You blew so;
But Train, O Train!
Don't do it again,
For you put us in pain—
You do so!

II.

It was very well
For a little "spell,"
That you should swell
In London;
But O dear! O dear!
Don't do it here,
Or it's very clear
We're undone!

III.

We have had enough
Of that sort of stuff;
And, not to be rough,
We hint it,
You'd better not
Talk any more rot;
And what you've got—
Don't print it.

IV.

For though your roar
On Britain's shore,
When heard from o'er
The Atlantic,
Made lots of fun,
Yet now we've done
With your pop-gun
And antic.

V.

So don't suppose
We're led by the nose
By a Train of shows
And bluster;
Or that vain pretence
Of eloquence
Can, with men of sense,
Pass muster.

VI.

Of gab too much
You have, and such
As you don't touch
The laurel.
We want men who
Can dare and do,
To help us through
Our quarrel.

VII.

Nor do we choose
Respect to lose,
That your crude views
Be bruited.
No! much we grudge
Wise men should judge
We with your fudge
Are suited.

VIII.

Should we in fight
Old England smite,
'Twould be for Right,
Not slaughter!
So just abate
Your Billingsgate,
And try a state
Of water.

IX.

O Train! O Train!
Avoid champagne,
And do refrain
From stale ways.
Of them we're sick.
Be politic,
And henceforth stick
To railways!

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

ON THE POTOMAC, September 30th.

DEAR VANITY: Once more all is quiet along the lines. . . .

I have retaken Harper's Ferry, and vicinity. The Rebels have blown up Harper's Magazine, situated there.

The dead and wounded have all been buried, and excellent health prevails in my army. The Proclamation fever has not broken out yet in this region, but it seems to rage in Washington. . . .

I can explain a little matter, *entre nous*, that has puzzled a good many people lately.

There is man in your town, may be you've heard of him—a man who calls himself HORACE GREELEY. He wrote a great many articles for some paper or another, informing President LINCOLN what he ought to do, and how the War ought to be carried on.

Naturally enough, LINCOLN, being an exceedingly sensible man, took no notice of all this advice. . . .

I notice, my dear VANITY, that the Fools may be divided into two classes: those who give good counsel, and those who take it. . . .

But this GREELEY was incorrigible. He kept on with his twaddle, *ad nauseam*, and lately, one way or another, contrived to get an audience with LINCOLN, whose good nature is sometimes a little too much for his comfort.

The newspaper-man had a huge bundle with him, done up in a yellow handkerchief with red spots.

"What's this?" says LINCOLN.

"My editorials," says GREELEY; "I'm going to read 'em to you."

"Don't," says LINCOLN.

"But you promised to hear what I had to say," says GREELEY, "and I can't say it in any shorter way. To begin, here's an article entitled 'Onward to Richmond.' Sit down, now, and listen."

"Good heavens!" cries LINCOLN, "must it come to this? Is there no escape?

"Nary escape," retorts GREELEY, "unless you agree to follow my advice now!"

"But consider!" says LINCOLN; "do you want to torture me to death in cold blood? Have you no humanity? Think of my interesting family—spare me. . . ."

"Hah!" yells the demoniac GREELEY; "you promised to listen, and listen you shall! Now then, 'Onward to Richmond.' . . ."

"No—no—stay; what can I do for you?" gasps LINCOLN in piteous tones of agony—"I'll make you brigadier-general—I'll give JOHN CHARLES another command—I'll make you Secretary of War (the change can't be for the worse)—I'll do anything. What ho! Guards, there, without!"

"Hm—it's no use," says GREELEY, triumphantly; "your guards can't hear you. I gave them each a *Tribune* Almanac, and they're all fast asleep by this time."

"Then, name your terms. Listen, I cannot. Submit, I must. I am ready."

GREELEY's eyes sparkled.

"Will you—will you issue an Emancipation Proclamation, for the Amelioration of the station of the Nigger nation in all creation?"

"Yes, by darnation!" cries the worthy but suffering ABRAHAM.

"Then go it. I withdraw my kind offer to let you peruse these sportive efforts of my facile and genial pen; I take myself and my bundle away; but, mark me! If the proclamation appears not within one week, I shall return and read you an entire file of the *Tribune* for one year!"

A cold sweat broke forth from LINCOLN'S lily-white brow, and he turned as pale as Death without his white horse.

It is terrible to see the strong man thus shaken.

"I promise," he murmured faintly, and fell in a swoon.

On recovering he found a proclamation, neatly engrossed, and wanting only his signature, on the table before him.

GREELEY was gone. A sulphureous atmosphere pervaded the apartment.

The President wrote his name with tremulous fingers. . . .

This little story accounts for the coke in the milkonut.

Since then the President rides from Soldier's Home to Washington and back escorted by a detachment of cavalry. He is a changed man. . . .

But he doesn't think a good deal of the Proclamation. . . .

It is the same with others.

Tout à toi, MCARONE.

OUR THOROUGHFARES.

If you can call it a thoroughfare where you have to fight your way between horses getting outside their oats on one side, and dry-goods men getting their boxes inside on the other.

Another Negro in Defence.

WHILE the Abolitionists at home, here, are jubilant over the emancipation of their idolized Ethiop, they seem to forget that Montenegro is having a bad time of it with the Turks.

Doing it Comfortably.

IF the Confederates are still bent upon "dying in the last ditch," it seems that they are making arrangements for a comfortable end there; at least the late war items inform us that, after the battle of Antietam, the road sides were "lined with blankets thrown away by the rebels."

A Horrible Suggestion.

THE *Daily Times* asserts that the "women and children who spread themselves in making lint" are throwing away their labor, as tons of the article are already on hand.

What does the *Times* mean by people "spreading themselves" on lint? If the question happened to be one of diachylon plaster, now, one might see the drift of the expression.

Cosmos.

As I scanned "The World" by my flickering taper,
Last night, it seemed but a World of paper.
Morning dawned, and the journal brood
Cackled: "The World is a World of WOOD."
But there came at eve a little bird's warble,
And it whispered: "The World's a World of MARBLE."

Figures that will Lie.

900,000.

BACK AGAIN.

FROM all the Fonts, salt, bitter, sweet—
  Fashion's Bethesdas, Wealth's and Pride's—
Where, in "the season," the *élite*
  Baptize—in Health's name—their insides;
From Newport, Rockaway, Cape May,
  Where, lively as the tutored fleas,
Matrons and maids at leap-frog play
  In summer, with gymnastic seas;
From where, in foam, Niagara's floods
  Explode with earth-convulsing throes,
To gratify the belles and bloods
  Who gape at the sublime Cohoes;
From mountains White and mountains Green,
  From lakes by wood-crowned hills clipt in,
From every kind of rural scene,
  "Done" by the folks of Ton and Tin,
Throngs back our human China-ware,
  Our locomotive porcelain,
And Fourteenth street is débonair,
  Fifth Avenue itself again!

On Broadway, "forms of choicest mould"
  Once more are moving to and fro,
And—see the Testament, the Old—
  Forever "mincing as they go."*
The clergy that in summer's heat
  To the "first temples" fled, to cool,
Again the pulpit cushions beat,
  Again rich sinners mildly school.
Theatres and concert-halls are jammed,
  The Park's alive with prancing steeds,
The millinery stores are crammed,
The rich give ostentatious feeds,
The Falls, the Spas, the Lakes, the Sea,
  Have had their day—their halls are bare—
And robed for conquest, Vanity
  Proclaims anew her Urban Fair.

* Isaiah, chap. 3, verse 16.

THE ALTOONA CONVENTION.

IT is not of the slightest consequence what the Governors said or did at Altoona. A Governor is often mortal. Occasionally he is an ass. And whatever he may say or do outside the confines of his own State cannot particularly affect the nation at large. That Governor ANDREW, of Massachusetts, should defame GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN at Altoona is not surprising. He had defamed him elsewhere—it is a weakness he has, and why shouldn't he indulge it on that lonely mountain-top? That Governor SPRAGUE, who, although a little horse, is a good one to go, and has served his country well—that he should join in the dirt-throwing is surprising, although, after all, it isn't of much consequence. But, since it is incontestably shown that MCCLELLAN was maligned in that meeting, or convention, or concern, or whatever it was, why should Governor BERRY, of New-Hampshire, or somewhere, deliver himself of a card, saying, "Everything was lovely"? BERRY's card is one of the shakiest epistolary efforts of the day. He doesn't deny that MCCLELLAN was abused in that insignificant meeting, but in a loose, general way says there was great unanimity of sentiment. We suppose BERRY is a rampaging abolitionist, which would naturally make him a Black Berry, and his shambling, half-lying card proves him to be likewise a Goose Berry. The people of the State of which he happens to be Governor better not let him go away from home alone again.

Wine In—Wit Out.

Q. WHEN is a ship like a fraudulent vintner?
A. When she makes Port with logwood.

A TREAT FOR SAILORS, ONLY.

Angelina.—"O GEORGE! AREN'T THESE LONG ROLLS OF THE SEA DELICIOUS?"
(*George, who is a bad sailor, feels as if the "rolls" are going to disagree with him.*)

"In the Name of the Prophet, Figs!"

WE see by the shipping lists that the *Europa* brought out, on her last trip, 275 cases of new Smyrna figs.

It will be interesting to our readers to know that these fine fruits are consigned to the Senior Editor of the *Tribune*, and that they number, in the aggregate, exactly 900,000—that is, a Fig for each of his Fighting men.

ROPE ENOUGH.

"Ah ha!" laughs DAVIS; "you think to cope
With my C. S. A.? I have plenty of soap,
And plenty of men. 'Twere strange indeed,
If I should not prosper! In sorest need
I can still keep up my End of the Rope!"

Alas! poor JEFF.! with Pluto he'll sup,
Like every other Rebellious pup
Who thinks to prosper. 'Twere strange indeed,
If he finds not out, in his sorest need,
'Tis the End of the Rope that will keep him up!

A HIT.

"WHAT sort of pain is produced by a Minié ball, I wonder?" asked the Divinity-student, looking up from an account of the battle of Antietam.

"Well, if fired by one of BERDAN'S riflemen," replied X., "I should say it would produce a sort of Sharp Shooting pain!"

MYTHOLOGICAL MUSINGS.

"AMONG the Pines" mentioned by the heathen mythologists, it is somewhat coïncidental that PROSER-PINE held a conspicuous position.

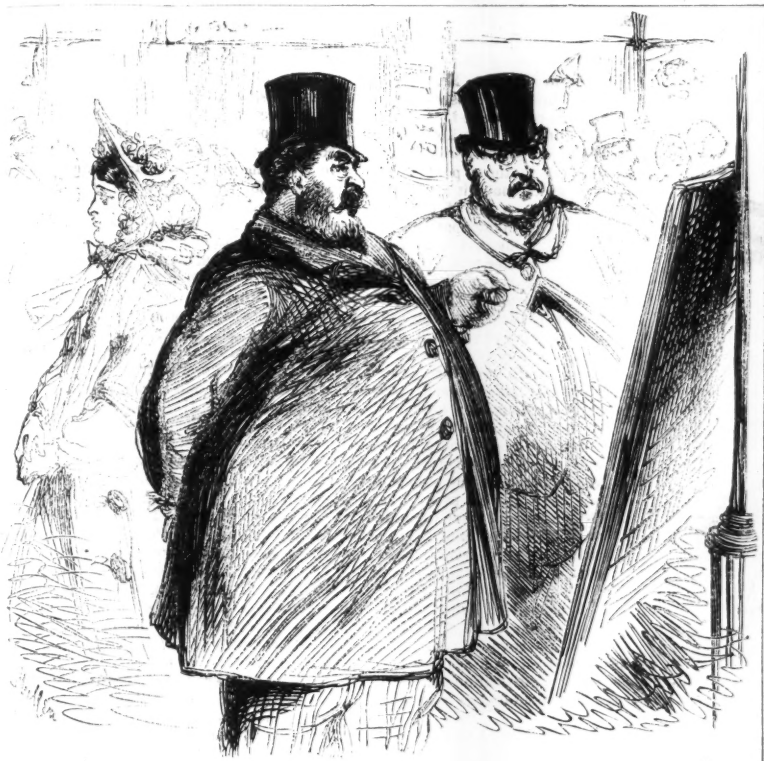
When the many-headed Hydra first made its appearance on the shores of Lake Lerna, the inhabitants of the district fled away in great terror. This, we believe, is the first case of Hydra Phobia on record.

THE TRIALS OF H.

BANKRUPTCIES, failures, and insecurity of securities in general are largely mentioned in the late English gazettes. Among the deeply distressed denizens of London, we are sorry to notice the name of poor H, a good sort of easy-going fellow well known in this country. H is very badly treated by Londoners and others who ought to know better. They expect too much of H over there. Now he is employed, by contract, to convert an arbor into a harbor; anon the relentless Cockney insists upon his transmuting air into hair; while another—a worse, and still more relentless inhabitant of Cockaigne—despises him altogether, and thinks he ought to 'ave 'is 'air and wiskers cut off. There is no end to the indignities to which old H is subjected by JOHN BULL, when that obese person goes off into his male-turkey paroxysms of rage about Hamerican folks. If H happens to be in the way, then, he is knocked down with a fiendish grunt and a "blast yer, would yer?" If he doesn't happen to be on hand—as is likely, for J. B. knocks him *off* hand, and makes 'and of it—then he is lugged in by the hair and compelled to do some duty entirely foreign to his tastes and habits. Nor is it in London alone that H is subject to the caprice of his employers. Pastoral JOHN BULL, for instance, converts arrows into harrows with his assistance; a fact which makes us feel desolate because we cannot employ him to change our swords into ploughshares, so that we might go back to quiet life again. Could H effect this great good for us, thrice welcome would he be to these shores. As it is, he had better settle down among us, and leave grunty old JOHN BULL to send his 'owls up to 'eaven without him. There are no vowels of compassion for poor old H. in England.

"RAISING THE WIND."

Jeremy Diddler Greeley, (to Governor Andrew.)—"I SAY, GOVERNOR, YOU HAVEN'T GOT SUCH A THING AS NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND FIGHTING MEN ABOUT YOU—HAVE YOU?"



INFLUENCE OF SHAKESPEARE ON THE FRENCH MIND.

Stout Frenchman, (reading announcement of Mr. Hackett as Falstaff.)—"PARBLEU! VE VILL GO AND SEE ZE FAT MAN TO-NIGHT—I HAVE ONE GOOD CRY, ALWAYS, AT ZE FAT MAN!"

A Question of Age.

THEY say that too many Minors are enlisted in our army, but, for our part, we think that the Minors do a great deal better than some of the Majors.

Bad Trade.

F. M. REYNOLDS, of Providence, who went Southwest to purchase cotton, has been captured by Rebels; and it is believed would now be glad to compromise for a single Bail.

High Art.

A CRITIC in the *Tribune* says: "There has been much mourning over the American destitution of High Art." We are rather inclined to think that there would be much more mourning—particularly among landladies and washerwomen—if all the young fellows in the studios should betake themselves to the production of Ten-Acre Pictures. It's all very well to go up a ladder to color a celestial angel, but it isn't a bit pleasant to find a constable, not in the least angelic, ready at the foot to collar you. Better employ your pigments upon pigmies that pay, than to draw Gen. WASHINGTON twelve feet high, and then be compelled to change him into a Moses upon Mount Sinai, that you may sell him to the Jews.

Personal.

MR. ALBERT SKIMPINS, of New-England, is in our city. Mr. SKIMPINS is on his way to Washington. His friends, we understand, are urging the President to appoint him to a surgeon's position in the army. Possessed of a fine constitution, and formerly a successful house-carpenter, we can think of no one more qualified for the position than Mr. SKIMPINS.

THE NEW "ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO."

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON THE LATE CONVENTION AT ALTOONA.

BY MERRY ANDREW OF MASSACHUSETTS.

McCLELLAN still rides up and down
Potomac's banks, despite my frown,
Leading our army by the nose,
Triumphant o'er his party foes.
Woe is me, Altoona!

Letters from headquarters tell
How, with hurricanes of shell,
He the rebels overthrew,
Knocking abolition, too.
Woe is me, Altoona!

Though I've labored *sans* remorse
To upset him on the course,
Still, as Luck and he were twins—
Stands he firmly on his pins.
Woe is me, Altoona!

Naught's by the convention gained,
Vainly I FREMONT sustained,
Vainly SPRAGUE with me took ground,
T'other Governors warn't sound.
Woe is me, Altoona!

Rare FREMONT, my god of war,
Anti-slavery's shining star;
In a coach and four, the plain
You will never scour again.
Woe is me, Altoona!

Is your country not aware
That when wanted you are "there"?
Will the time ne'er come when you,
Cabinets, not duns, shall *sue?*
Woe is me, Altoona!

Loudly, when I had the floor,
Did I tell your merits o'er;
What's the use?—they wouldn't sing
To my tune—that gathering.
Woe is me, Altoona!

Pathfinder, 'twas all "no go,"
Vainly did I "puff" and "blow;"
CURTIN, BRADFORD, TOD cried, "Hold!"
All the rest, save SPRAGUE, were cold.
Woe is me, Altoona!

TOD, Ohio's proxy he,
(Would he were in Owhyhee,)
Swore that MAC, the iron-nerved,
Of his country well deserved.
Woe is me, Altoona!

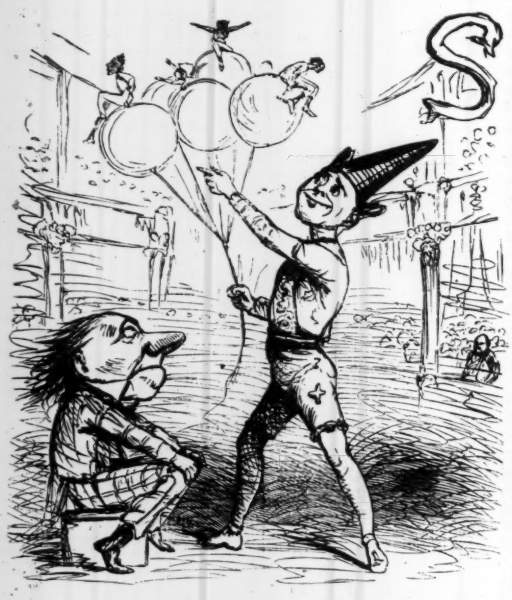
All is lost! Groan, BEECHER, groan;
LLOYD and WENDELL, make you moan;
FREMONT lies upon his back,
Cry, for him, the Coronach!
Woe is me, Altoona.

Bind to each left arm the crape,
Brethren in this mournful scrape;
And by each be sung or said,
As defeat's hot tears we shed,
Woe is me, Altoona!

Stonewall Jackson's Order to his Pickets.

WATCH and prey.

THE TOWN SHOWS.



SEEING young BOOTH the other night in *Hamlet*, Mr. Printer, I could not help observing, as I have so often done in the case of Mr. FORREST, that his fine qualities as an artist were shown not so much in those portions of the play which make it a tragedy and thus place it out of the pale of our common sympathies, as in those of a more tender and pathetic character which come home to us all as a picture of our every-day experience. The house was moved by these last even to tears. They were given with a simplicity and a fidelity to nature which could hardly have been exceeded. They did not, indeed, provoke noisy applause, or any of those stormy demonstrations which come, like the thunder to which they are so fitly compared, from a foul state of the atmosphere; but they moved every heart to its depths, and were rewarded by that eloquent and significant silence which, everywhere except in a theatre, is recognized as "the speech of the gods."

I despair of living to see the day when such sweet approof will be coveted, either on the stage or in any other sphere of public life. Our players, our preachers, our politicians—and even our law-givers and statesmen—seem to relish only those boisterous manifestations of delight (if it be delight) which are peculiar to the lowest order of mind, and are spontaneous only when the lowest order of mind is appealed to.

I wonder, so far as our players are concerned, why they have not all learned that in order to "bring down the house," as the too expressive phrase goes, it is necessary, in tragedy, only to rant, roar, shriek, howl, gasp, writhe, etc., sufficiently; while in comedy the end is easily attained by vulgar grimaces, rude familiarities with the audience, and vile contortions (not to say exposures) of the person.

Hence it is that on the stage our comedies so often degenerate into farces—our farces into burlesques—our burlesques into buffooneries—and, worst of all and most to be deplored, our tragedies into grotesque exhibitions of brute force.

I may be mistaken in attributing this degeneration to a morbid craving after immediate and noisy applause; but, however this may be, I do not see how the fact itself can be disputed, nor why some steps are not taken toward having it remedied.

The remark that I made at the outset about Mr. BOOTH and Mr. FORREST applies with more or less force to every tragic actor and actress of eminence that I have seen. They all excel chiefly in those domestic or colloquial scenes which belong, strictly speaking, not so much to tragedy as to comedy. Here they are almost perfect, for here their profound acquaintance with human nature, and their familiarity with all the graces and accomplishments of the stage, come into full play. But the moment they attempt purely tragic scenes—those where they are supposed to be depicting the higher or sterner passions of the soul—they get far out of their depth, and, departing entirely from all natural modes of speech and action, resort to certain vocal and other extravagances which are so cheap and commonplace as to be easily and effectively imitated by the very boys in the street.

I believe, therefore, that in comedy—not farce, Mr. Printer, nor burlesque, nor anything in that line—but in legitimate comedy—the true *comédie humaine*—the comedy that aims to depict life as it is in all its most delicate shades and developments—Mr. FORREST, Mr. BOOTH, Mr. MACREADY, (and, I might add, most of the other tragedians,) would be far more in their element than in tragedy. Before they can excel in the latter, they have to learn that violence is not power—that rant is not eloquence—that gasping and writhing and wailing and gnashing of teeth, (however effective with an audience,) are not the signs of the deepest emotion—in a word, that the mighty nature of man, when moved by great or terrible passions, exhibits itself in forms far too grand, far too sublime, to be expressed either by pulmonary tricks, muscular eccentricities, facial contortions, or any of the stereotyped usages of the stage.

But in saying that Mr. FORREST and Mr. BOOTH, among others, would excel—and, in fact, do excel—rather as comedians than tragedians, (taking the high view of comedy,) let me not be understood as detracting from their merits. They are, beyond doubt, consummate artists. I should like to see them both at WALLACK'S. They would do the leading characters in the old comedies to a charm; and as any good player with presentable legs and stout lungs can do tragedy well enough for all practicable purposes, they might be exchanged, say, for Mr. LESTER WALLACK and Mr. MARK SMITH, who, unless they are unlike any comedians I have ever known, would prefer to do tragedy to anything else.

You may laugh at me, Mr. Printer, for making this suggestion, but I assure you that I was never more serious in my life; for, as I hinted at the start, whenever either Mr. FORREST or Mr. BOOTH undertakes to represent any phase of human life within their personal cognizance, they come about as near perfection as human weakness will permit. There are scenes in Mr. BOOTH'S *Hamlet* and *Othello*, and in Mr. FORREST'S also, for that matter, as well as in the latter's *Richelieu* and *Lear* and *Damon*, which, in all the higher qualities of dramatic art, are exquisite beyond description; and if my observation is good for anything, it is in these scenes—all of them of a familiar and domestic character and coming, as cannot be too often repeated, within the strict range of comedy—that they both are most successful in touching the hearts and quickening the pulse of the vast multitudes who go nightly to hear them.

I hope, Mr. Printer, that these remarks will serve to increase, if possible, the audiences at NIBLO'S and the Winter Garden, although it is difficult enough to get a good seat at either of them, (even at NIBLO'S on the HACKETT or off-nights,) now. I have tried them all during the week, and have been set out in the cold several times. I had LAURA KEENE'S Theatre, however, pretty much to myself one night, although the performance, "Old Heads and Young Hearts," was one of the best—in some respects the very best—of the season. BLAKE'S *Jesse Rural*, and Miss KEENE'S *Lady Alice Hawthorne*, were characters to be remembered for a lifetime. Young WALCOT'S *Littleton Coke*, Mr. WHEATLEIGH'S *Tom Coke*, Mr. MARLOWE'S *Earl of Pompton*, and ADA CLIFTON'S *Miss Rocket*, were also good—the two former more than good. But altogether the best thing I have seen, as a whole, at LAURA KEENE'S, is "Masks and Faces," in which Miss KEENE'S *Peg Woffington* and Mr. WHEATLEIGH'S *Triplet* deserve to be recorded, not merely as successes, but as *chef d'œuvres*. There is nothing better—unless it be BLAKE'S *Jesse Rural* and HACKETT'S *Falstaff*—now on the stage. In fact, the piece was finely acted throughout; the most notable parts, after those mentioned, being Mr. WALCOT'S *Sir Chas. Pomander*, (his best part as yet,) Mr. PETERS'S *Jemmy Quin*, Mr. STODDART'S *Snarl*, and Mr. MARLOWE'S *Colley Cibber*. "The Rough Diamond" has also been acted at the same house, in order to bring out Mrs. SEDLEY BROWN, who played the part of *Margery*, and played it with so much effect as to establish her reputation at once as the best *soubrette*—excepting, possibly, Miss MARY GANNON—now on the New-York boards. The chief attractions for the next week will be Miss KEENE, Mr. BLAKE, Mr. WHEATLEIGH, and Mrs. BROWN—all of whom have been cast in new pieces.

Mr. WALLACK continues to box the compass of the old comedies, and with even more than his last year's success. Among the best characters I have seen there this year are Mrs. HOEY'S *Constance*, Miss GANNON'S *Widow Greene*, and Mr. MARK SMITH'S *Sir William Fondlove* in "The Love Chase;" Miss HENRIQUES'S *Miss Neville*, LESTER WALLACK'S *Young Marlow*, and Mrs. VERNON'S *Mrs. Hardcastle* in "She Stoops to Conquer;" Mr. SEFTON'S *Mr. Silky*, Mr. FISHER'S *Goldfinch*, and Mr. GILBERT'S *Old Dornton* and Mr. REYNOLD'S *Mr. Milford* in "The Road to Ruin." All these pieces have been handsomely put on the stage, and acted as they could not have been at any other theatre either here or in London.

Mr. GOTTSCHALK'S series of concerts at Irving Hall have been all the fashion, and his new CHICKERING piano—made expressly for him—is pronounced by competent judges to be at once the most sonorous and most melodious instrument of the kind which has yet been produced. It is rather flattering to our national pride that both Mr. GOTTSCHALK and Mr. THALBERG, with the pianos of the world to choose from, and every motive to choose the best, have invariably preferred

CHICKERING'S to all others. Mr. GOTTSCHALK has been ably seconded at his concerts by Mrs. JENNY KEMPTON, a charming young contralto singer from Boston.

Finally, Mr. Printer, Manager NIXON, elated by his successes here and in Brooklyn with Miss PATTI, has taken her to Boston, where, without doubt, she will create a furore. The *Programme* (which, by the way, has just come out in new type, and is now one of the handsomest of our city sheets, besides being the best in the way of theatrical news) says that she now walks very like BRIGNOLI.

During Mr. NIXON'S absence, the Cremorne Gardens, with Senorita CUBAS as the chief attraction, will remain in charge of his Provost Marshal, Mr. W. A. MOORE. It is getting to be rather cold for garden business, but the beautiful CUBAS would draw at an open-air show in Iceland. I forget, though, that the Cremorne has a "Palace of Music" connected with it, and that the CUBAS performances take place there. I ought not to forget it, for, during all the season, it has been my favorite resort. Ppps.

"IT IS OUR OPENING DAY."

A GREAT writer—writes for the *Daily Times* in fact—lately informed the readers of that journal that "Fashion is an exclusive as well as arbitrary goddess, and has a great dread of being mixed up with common people"—feeling the force of which bitter truth it is with proper reserve that we devote our pen to her in the following remarks.

We must, in the first place, apologize to our fair readers for having thus long delayed our notice of that important anniversary known as Opening Day. This remissness we will account for by stating that our young man to whom we entrusted the pleasing task, got so intoxicated—upon a lovely bonnet of *mauve*, quilted *guipure*—that he is not yet out of danger, and we have been obliged, therefore, to obtain our information as best we could.

Among colors, the novelty of the season is the tint called *cuir*—pronounce it *queer*, dear reader, and you can't be far wrong. It is described as being the "color of leather." This is very satisfactory. We are aware of several colors in which leather charms: black leather and white, red leather and grey, blue, yellow, purple, and green leather; nay, our own boot-maker is provided with an extremely provoking Dun, warranted fast. Well may leather-color, then, be registered by the *modiste* as *queer*.

The "Cinderella Drab" is reported to have already appeared upon Broadway. Where are *you*, General BUTLER?—where are the Police?

It is a very noticeable sign of the times that Cashmere shawls, which had lain *perdu* for years and for want of purchasers, are again sought for with avidity. At Messrs. POPLIN and ROB'S a dozen of these rich articles have been sold within the past week. The charming, if somewhat *embonpointish* Mrs. SHODDICOMBE, (*cara sposa* of the eminent army contractor of that name,) paid fifteen hundred dollars for one, actual cash, to the above-named firm, on Friday last.

We are told by an authority eminent in such things, that "High plain bodies are much admired;" while the very same writer immediately afterwards declares his preference for "a low body ornamented with a scarf bertha." This will, undoubtedly, be hailed with satisfaction by some. Such "high plain" bodies as the widely diffused MACSHANGHAI family, for instance, will be in raptures with the announcement. To us it appears rather inconsistent.

The red gleam of war gives its tinge to the fashions. GARIBALDI shirts, for instance, have become a modish article for ladies' wear; and we have heard it stated that MCCLELLAN jack-boots, to match, will ere long find their way to the female understanding. We give the boots for what they are worth—that is about ten dollars a pair.

Plushes, which, like blushes, had long been at a discount, are coming into favor again. May they both bloom to fade no more! "Like the rose to the *parterre* is the blush to the *boudoir*," (SAADI, Persian Poet.)

We are glad to know that the "square Raphael body" is going out. We saw one in Broadway lately, and wouldn't have her come in on any account. Indeed we wouldn't know what to do with the square Raphael body even if we won her in a square Raffle.

In cloaks, as we learn, a favorite style is the "Cansail." We see a few of them, already, on the trottoir. They Can Sail—rather.

As might be expected in these war times, gore is conspicuous. We even hear of a fashionable article called the "Gored Circular"—a name somewhat repulsive to us, as being remindful of one of General POPE'S despatches.

The able writer already referred to at the beginning of this article makes one assertion which, to us at least, is distressing. This is it:

"More costly trimmings are used than are often employed upon American bonnets, but there are less of them, and every one is made to tell."

Made to tell—are they? We should like to hear them tell. We don't want them to tell. What! a bonnet that tells? No, Madame Modiste, not by a great deal; none of your tell-tale bonnets. Hear what the poet says:

"Where shall they dwell
Who kiss and tell?
Down, down ——"

There is another rhyme, which indicates a locality the reverse of celestial as the lodging in preparation for such delinquents. So none of your bonnets that *tell*, Madame Modiste!

THE LONDON PEACE SOCIETY.

WHAT'S this we hear? Why, this is grand!
Why, this will give the war variety!
Behold the kind, extended hand
Of BULLY JOHNNY'S Peace Society!
"Put up your wicked swords!" it cries,
Or rather sends us word in writing;
"Cease, friends! to bung each other's eyes,
Oh! cease your folly and your fighting!"

O BULLY JOHNNY very dear!
We thank you for the plan endearing,
But did you never chance to hear
What comes of too much interfering?
Know, then, when married folks are flouting,
He shows no great amount of brains,
Who thrusts his philanthropic snout in,
And gets it twisted for his pains!

Ah!

A WESTERN paper says that the army "does not always like that man best who will make the best officer;" but prefers "the affable, smooth-tongued, ready-smiling personage, who suits his whole course to *pleasing* everybody with whom he comes in contact." This explains the tactics of those generals who, when "in contact" with the enemy, for instance, are so very "pleasing" as to run away from him POPE must be a very popular officer.

Philosophical Result.

"As diamond polishes diamond," says a German writer, "so man is formed by man."

Truly. And we may add, as diamond cuts diamond, so man is fleeced by man.

Saline.

MR. BRIGHAM YOUNG, in a recent address to the "saints" of his persuasion, declared that "Salt Lake can produce everything that is requisite in a household." This fact, by analogy, should be very comforting to the hungry politicians that will presently be "rowed up Salt River."